

The New Fulton Fish Market.

Workmen are about removing from its present location the building occupied for so many years by the Fulton Fish Market at New York. The structure will be located temporarily on the next bulkhead north. In the meantime the southerly half of the new market will be erected. When that part has been completed, the dealers now occupying the old building will take possession of it, so that they will be relatively in their former positions. The northerly section will be taken by those dealers who are at present located in the neighboring stores; that is, if they are members of one of the three associations that will own the new building. These associations are The Fulton Fishmongers' Association, The Wholesale Fish Dealers' Association and The Independent Fish Dealers' Association. The city of New York owns all the dock property, and the title to the building will pass to the city at the expiration of thirty years. The plans for the new building have not yet been drawn, and no clear idea of its construction is at present obtainable, though it is believed it will be constructed chiefly of iron, and will be finished inside of two years.

SEINING IN LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

New York and Vermont Legislators To Confer with Canadian Officials.

For the purpose of reaching an agreement, if possible, with the Canadian authorities on the question of seine fishing in Lake Champlain, a special committee from the New York Legislature and a similar committee from the Vermont Legislature left last night for Quebec.

Both in this state and in New York there is a law prohibiting seine fishing in Lake Champlain and the waters tributary thereto. The law is rigidly enforced by both States, but in Canada fishermen are not forbidden to fish in that portion of the lake which enters their country. This, in the opinion of the New York and Vermont legislators, works an injustice to the American fishermen, and an endeavor will be made to have the rights and privileges of the American and Canadian fishermen equalized.

Whales on Their Holidays.

Professor Goldlob has been telling the Christiania Academy of Science the results of his investigations into the migrations of whales. These creatures hang about the coast of Norway and Finland until the spring is well advanced, and then they go away on their travels. Some go to the Azores, others to Bermuda and the Antilles, and they cover these enormous distances in an incredibly short time. Some of them bring back harpoons which bear the names of ships and other evidences of where these migrants have been for their summer holidays.

Lost Boom and Gaff

Sch. George H. Lube arrived at Portland yesterday with 30,000 pounds of fresh fish, and reports breaking main boom and main gaff in the recent breeze. Her captain reports rough weather and fish scarce.

Largest Haddocking Stock.

Sch. Lucania, Capt. Martin L. Welch, stocked \$2530 on her recent haddock trip. This is the largest stock made by any vessel of the haddock fleet this season.

DAILY TIMES FISH BUREAU.

To-day's Arrivals and Receipts.

Sch. Thalia, Georges, 6000 lbs. cod, 600 lbs. halibut, 3000 lbs. fresh fish.
Sch. Patriot, Georges, 10,000 lbs. cod, 300 lbs. halibut, 4000 lbs. fresh fish.
Sch. Georgie Campbell, Bay of Islands, N. F., 1600 bls. salt herring
Sch. Vera, via Boston.
Sch. Mary Cabral, shore.

Today's Fish Market.

Board of Trade prices for salt and fresh fish:

Salt fish, handline Georges cod, \$4.90 per cwt. for large, \$4.00 for medium; trawl Georges cod, \$4.25 for large, \$3.25 for medium; trawl Bank cod, \$4.00 for large, \$3.50 for medium; hake, \$1.25; pollock, \$1.25; haddock, \$1.75; large cusk, \$2.50.

Fresh fish, large cod, \$2.15; medium cod, \$1.75; all cod caught to the eastward of L. Have bank, \$2.15, medium \$1.75; cusk, \$1.50; Eastern haddock, \$1; Western haddock, \$1.15; hake, 90 cts.; Eastern hake, 90 cts.; Western hake, 95 cts.; pollock, 70c; snap per codfish, 60 cts.; snapper cusk, 40 cts.

Outside sales salt Georges cod, \$5.00 per cwt. for large and \$4.00 for mediums.

Rips cod, \$4.37 1-2 for large and \$3.40 for medium.

Outside sales fresh hake, \$1.00.

Round pollock, 80 cts. per cwt.

Fresh torched herring for bait, \$2.50 per bbl.

Bank halibut, 14 cts. per lb. for white and 10 cts. per lb. for gray.

Boston.

Sch. Estelle M. Nunan, 3000 haddock, 5000 cod, 500 hake.

Sch. M. Madeleine, 3000 haddock, 7600 cod, 2000 hake.

Sch. Viola, 150 haddock 3400 cod.

Sch. Hattie F. Knowlton, 5000 haddock.

Sch. Nokomis, 600 haddock, 6500 cod, 1000 hake.

Sch. Metacombett, 7000 cod, 500 hake.

Sch. Oliver F. Kilham, 3000 haddock, 300 cod.

Haddock, \$3 to 4; large cod, \$3.50 to \$4; market cod, \$3 to \$3.50; pollock, \$3; hake, \$1.50 to \$2.

Fishing Fleet Movements.

Sch. Annie M. Parker of Boston sailed yesterday for Bay of Islands, N. F., for a second cargo of salt herring.

After a most successful season Georges halibuting, Capt. Frank Stream will now fit sch. Waldo L. Stream for winter haddocking.

MADE SECOND TRIP.

Sch. Georgie Campbell Brings Another Salt Herring Fare.

Sch. Georgie Campbell, Capt. Wilson Cahoon, arrived this morning from Bay of Islands, N. F., with a full fare of salt herring. This is the second Newfoundland salt herring trip which the Campbell has made this season, Capt. Cahoon being the third skipper this year to make this record.

Capt. Cahoon reports a very rough passage home. The vessel encountered two heavy easterly gales with heavy snow between Canso and Cape Sable and was forced to run under a foresail, and from the Cape across to this port, they had head winds about all the time.

Fishing Notes.

All the local fishermen were in luck yesterday. Capt. Webster, who was high line, brought in 300 pounds of fish, and the catches ranged from 50 pounds up to 300 pounds.

A. Bav View, Capt. Alex, Sargent, brought in, in his dory, 100 pounds of cod and haddock and four barrels of herring.

Mr. Herbert Knowlton has opened his office at Lane's Cove for buying fish from the local fishermen. The fish are weighed and bought here, and carried to his place in Pigeon Cove to be dressed.

Herring Scarce at Placentia Bay.

Herring are scarce in Placentia Bay, and the fishery promises badly. At Sound Island only a few barrels have been taken, and only a few vessels are in the bay.—St. John's N. F., Herald.

Herring Plentiful, No Frost.

Recent advices from Bay of Islands state that there were plenty of herring and no frost.

SAILOR AND STUDENT.

Two Thrilling Adventures of Capt. J. W. Collins.

Honored by Governments for His Researches into Fish Life.

BY WINTHROP PACKARD.

"Brave are the hearts that man
The fishing boats of Gloucester,
The sea boats of Cape Ann."

Thus sang Edmund Clarence Stedman, and never was truer word spoken, as we men of Massachusetts who have gone down to the sea in our ships know full well. Of such men was Capt. Joseph W. Collins whose death last Saturday robbed the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission of its honored head. Capt. Collins had held many positions of honor and responsibility at home, he had received medals and decorations from abroad, yet I verily believe the deeds in which he took most delight, both in the doing and the recalling, were those of the period when he sailed with the fishermen out of Gloucester. A sturdy man was the captain. Of medium height, with a clean shaven upper lip, a bushy beard, and eyes that had something of the owl depths of the sea in them. He was not given to boasting of his exploits, yet if you could catch him in the hour of leisure and the mood of reminiscence he could a tale unfold that would match those of Clark Russell or Jack London, or Connolly, and a true one at that.

Some of these stories I know, but before I begin to tell them I wish to say a word more about the captain. His keynote was thoroughness. He did nothing by halves and he seemed always prep red. When he was appointed in 1899 the Fish and Game Commission had no headquarters. Communications for it went to the private address of one of its members. "I am no believer in a vest pocket commission," said the captain, and he was not long in convincing the authorities at the State House that the commission needed a room for its headquarters. Sportsmen were a little afraid at first that his devotion to fisheries and fish culture would make the new headquarters of the welfare of game birds and animals, but they soon found out that he knew the ruffed grouse and the rabbit as well as the salmon and alewives. He was prepared.

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This habit of preparing himself showed up when, a raw sailor lad from Maine, he began to sail with the Gloucester fishermen. They spent their leisure at sea in well-earned idleness. He studied his business and learned things outside of it as well. More things by far than halibut come up on the deep sea trawls. There are strange fishes, shapeless creatures, and "squirmy and wriggling things" which neither captain or crew can name. Collins took great interest in these things and brought home specimens. He looked them up in books and asked scientific men about them. Professor Baird of the United States Fish Commission spent his summers in Gloucester in those days. He too was interested in the strange creatures from the sea bottom and he took note of the young fisherman who cared enough about his business to inform himself concerning the inconsequential details. Halibut brought money and there was apparently no money in wrigglers, but Collins informed himself about them just the same. So when the young man went out as Captain Collins of the fishing schooner Howard he had a special commission to bring back these strangers which might come up on the trawl hooks, that the Smithsonian Institute at Washington might get acquainted with them.

Down at T wharf today you will find more than one veteran fisherman in oilskins and high red sea boots who sailed with Captain Collins and still has his opinion of that branch of the business.

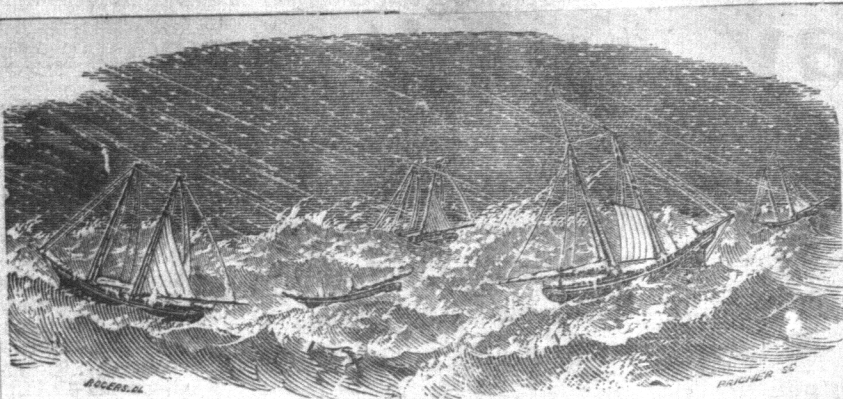
"Oh, ay, Captain Collins was a fine man, a good skipper, and he always got plenty of halibut," said one to me, "but he was bothering altogether too much about the do-funnies and Johnny-come-wrigglers that you get on the trawls in times, to suit me. We had a tank full of 'em all the time, and a lot more in bottles stowed down below. Halibut is good enough for me. I only sailed the one trip with him."

The Smithsonian Institute, however, liked that sort of a catch well, and one day a place at Washington was found for the young fisherman who had taken the trouble to be prepared to fill it. After that Capt. Collins's rise in life was steady and his honors were many. The men who cared only for halibut are caring for them still.

Perhaps the captain's experiences in the gales and stress of winter weather on the banks were not different from those of the

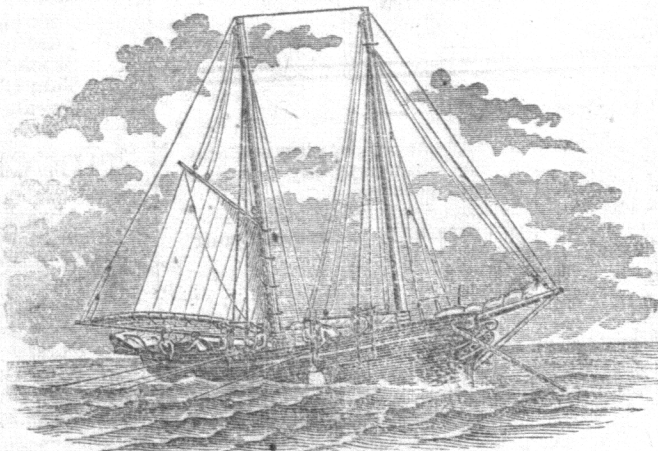
other hardy fishermen who sail out of the port of Gloucester, yet the story of one gale which he took while in command of the Howard and what it did to him, seems to me to be unsurpassed, especially in its vivid and unusual climax. I will try to tell it as the captain did, but I cannot give you the kindly twinkle in his eyes like the glinting of the sun between snowsqualls on Georges, nor can cold type put the raw red smell of the weltering sea in your nostrils.

"I was on Banquereau in command of the Howard in December, 1876, and never before nor since did such a gale sweep the banks as came on the ninth and tenth of that stormy month. On the morning of the ninth we made sail before daylight, but before it was light enough to set our trawls it blew up smart from the southeast and began to snow. After an hour or two the wind increased so fast that we tacked in from the deep water to the bank where we anchored in sixty fathoms and got all snugged down for a gale. The southeaster



THE TERRIBLE DECEMBER GALES ON GEORGES, 1876.

blew heavy, but was short, like most winter southeasters. We lay with a long scope of cable, with only the riding sail aft balancing her and keeping her nose up to the wind. The night of the ninth the wind jumped from southeast to northwest as quick almost as you would snap your fingers, and toward the morning of the tenth it blew so heavy that we took in the riding sail lest it blow to pieces. After daylight with the wind steadily increasing in fury the tide set in to run to the southward, hawsing the vessel up so that she lay right in the trough of the sea. About 8 a. m. I went up in the companionway and spoke to the only man on deck, the watch, George Miller, who was busy aft by the wheel-box clear-

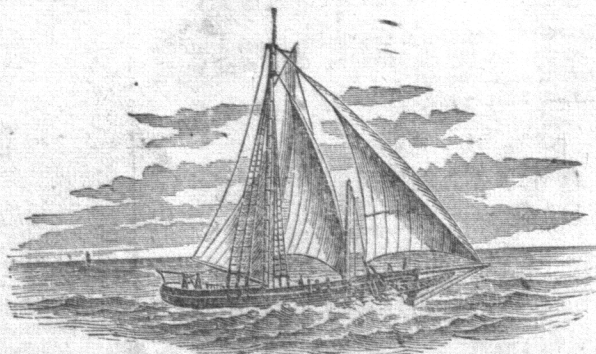


GOT A HALIBUT ON.

ing a line which had been fouled. He stood back to the sea, careless of danger.

"Keep an eye to windward, George, I sang out. 'There's some nasty sea coming along'."

"All right, skipper, I'll look out," he replied in cheerful tone. Just then a tremendous sea broke on board abaft the main rigging and swept aft with resistless force, knock-



CRIPPLED ON THE "HOME STRETCH."

ing the companionway slide to as if it had been struck with a trip hammer, ripping two boards off it, the bait planks off the house, and sweeping the unsuspecting watch into the foaming, seething waters astern, as far as could be from human aid. A feeling of horror went through me like a knife as I heard

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the roar of the breaking wave and the swish of deep water across the deck. I sprang up to the deck. More than a thousand feet astern and drifting with the current every minute farther away I saw the poor fellow rise to the surface, struggle a moment, and then, buried beneath a huge wave, disappear forever, while the squall seemed to shriek with delight as with redoubled fury it pressed down on the staunch little schooner.

"Soon after this came a succession of tremendously heavy snow squalls, which blew with a fury I never saw equalled during an experience of over thirty years battling with Atlantic storms, while the snow was so dense that while we were in the hollow of a sea the top of it could hardly be seen. The Howard quivered like a stricken dolphin, trembling as she struggled with great apparent effort up the mighty waves that threatened to overwhelm her. We had reset a smaller riding sail, a mere rag in size, but riding almost head to the wind as she did under this

she buried her lee side nearly to the hatches. To walk against the blast was out of the question and it was all we could do to haul ourselves along with life-lines or cling to the rigging. She plunged so heavily into the waves that the jib was soon washed loose from the bowsprit. While I was in the cabin after a rope to secure it a second heavy sea boarded us, breaking over the port bow, burying the little vessel almost completely out of sight. The men on deck saw it coming and sprang for the rigging. Two of them who got on the fore gaff held on the peak halliards, clinging with arms and legs. The sea broke so high that both these men were covered and nearly washed from their hold, though they were at

least ten feet above the deck. The deck was filled with water to the tops of the rails, compelling us to knock off some waist-boards so that the vessel could clear herself.

"Between the squalls we managed to secure the jib, though it was tremendously hazardous going out on the bowsprit in such a gale. The squalls had the most terrifying appearance I have ever witnessed, as they came

tearing down from the windward. Black at night and driving the white foam before them, they were an awful sight, and enough to strike terror to the hearts of those who had never felt fear and who, even then, disdained to flinch from the peril which confronted them. Fearing the cable would part, and knowing that

the vessel would be knocked down on her beam ends if she fell off even with the little riding sail set, I stationed myself at the mainmast as the squalls came along, ready to let the riding sail run down if necessary. It was the fourth squall and I was standing there with my right foot on the bit head of the fife rail and the riding sail halliards in my right hand. There came a wild flurry of flying snow and out of it a ball of fire, bursting like a bombshell between the masts and knocking me senseless to the deck, where I lay apparently dead. Many others of the crew received a slight shock. The ship had been struck by lightning!

"I would not speak of the intense suffering which I endured for four hours—hours of dreadful agony—while I was being resuscitated, were I not to mention the conduct of my men, all of whom showed a hardy courage and devotion, a kindness and nobility of spirit such as I have never seen excelled by any class of men. Though momentarily expecting death themselves they worked for my relief with a steady zeal and coolness. Fortunately I could speak soon after being taken below and was thus able to direct what should be done for myself and the vessel.

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"But three more squalls came after the lightning stroke and the gale soon subsided to ordinary proportions. I found that the lightning had ploughed my right arm from the wrist to the elbow, injuring it severely, while five smaller burns were on my right leg below the knee. My right side was paralyzed and I could not stand on my feet for several days."

Such was the captain's story of that wild midwinter gale of the year 1876. Not always was the struggle so fierce or the results so disastrous, yet as Captain Collins used to say, "Eternal vigilance is the price of successful winter fishing," and the way the Howard was knocked down twice while on the way home from the banks that very next spring seems to prove it.

"We had been running for home before a northeast gale," said the captain, "and below the latitude of Sable Island had to bear up toward the west north-west, which brought us almost in the trough of the sea. I was below and had turned in when a little after daybreak a tremendous sea tripped us up and knocked the vessel about flat. The main boom went under nearly to the mast, parting the boom tackle; one man in the forecabin was thrown from the weather into the lee bunk, and another who was in his berth in the lee side was scalded by the contents of the coffee pot which came flying off the stove on top of him. Altogether there was quite a mixup, but before we could do much of anything the nimble little vessel was back on her bottom and tearing along again. No homebound fisherman shortens sail even in the worst of gales if he can help it, but this seemed to be one of the necessary times. We double reefed the foresail and set a riding sail in place of the mainsail. Even thus there was a great danger of being sprawled out again and I stayed on deck all day directing the man at the wheel how to steer to escape the ugly cross seas.

"So we kept her going, swinging off almost before it sometimes and hauling back on our course again when the chance came. In this way we went along safely till about sundown when, being pretty hungry, I went below for lunch. I had scarcely seated myself when the vessel went flat on her beam ends. Dropping the mug and the bread I sprang for the companion-way the moment I felt her going over. The sea was there ahead of me, however, rushing over the top of the companion doors and drenching everything as I gained the top of the steps. The vessel was flat on her side, buried from the mainmast aft and it seemed as if she would stay there.

"It was probable that the man at the wheel was washed overboard and (in case the vessel did right) she would surely broach to and be swamped the moment the wind again struck her sails. I started aft for the wheel, but by the time I had reached the main hatch the wind again got into the sails and the old boat, starting ahead with a rush, drew herself out from beneath the water in which she was buried and which went roaring and splashing over the stern as we rose once more buoyant on the foam of the waves. So far under water had the stern been that the man at the wheel (although a six footer, was entirely submerged even when the vessel righted, though he stood on his feet and kept his grip on the wheel. The men in the cabin were nearly smothered by steam and gas which was driven from the cabin stove by a stream of water which ran down the stovepipe onto the burning coal. Barefooted and bareheaded and panting for breath they were glad enough to get out on top of the house where they could breathe fresh air.

"Although we had met with little or no damage from being thus sprawled out twice, it was, nevertheless a little more than we had signed for and we have to after the second experience waiting a few hours till the moon rose and the sea went down a little and we

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again filed away on the home stream."

There are a hundred others of the captain's stories which might be told, each more fascinating than the last, but those given will no doubt be enough to prove that while he was exceptionally clear-headed, a stout, ambitious always to make the most of his advantages, yet he had all of the spirit of blithe daring, of dash and recklessness and of defiance of death and danger, which has made the fishermen who sail out of Gloucester the pride and wonder of the seafaring world.—Boston Transcript.

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OUR LOUISBURG LETTER.

One of Crew of Sch. Gladiator Landed Very Sick.

Interesting News Items from Our Regular Correspondent.

Our Lunenburg, C. B., correspondent under date of Monday, sends us the following:

Sch. Gladiator of Gloucester, Capt. John McKay, put in here Saturday to land one of her crew, Moses Riley, who is seriously ill with inflammation of the lungs and heart trouble. The man is very weak and his condition is considered critical. The Gladiator is on a fresh halibut trip and came here from Quere Bank. Capt. McKay reports having two sets only before having to come to land with the sick man and secured about 1500 lbs. halibut. He reports quite a number of other Gloucester halibut fishers about the bank. The schooner will have some repairs made to her windlass before sailing for the fishing grounds.

Schs. Lizzie Griffin of Provincetown and Senator, Capt. Nathaniel Greenleaf, sailed from here yesterday. Both vessels are from Bay of Islands, N. F. The Griffin is loaded with salt herring, and the Senator is partly loaded with codfish. Capt. Greenleaf reports codfishing fairly good at Bay of Islands. The Senator had only halibut gear, but had she been fitted up with codfish gear, they would have secured a load of codfish. The fish are caught on trawl right near the shore at Bay of Islands, and are of a large size. Capt. Greenleaf says some Newfoundland vessels and a French vessel secured full cargoes of codfish while the Senator was there.

Schs. Arbitrator, Faustina and Ralph L. Hall were in port several days last week awaiting a chance for Bay of Islands. These vessels are bound for cargoes of frozen herring. Schs. Faustina and Ralph L. Hall sailed Thursday and sch. Arbitrator sailed Friday.

But few of the Newfoundland herring fleet have harbored here this fall, and with the exception of the vessels above named none have been here within the last month.

The fishing season has finished here and all the fishing boats have been hauled ashore, and the small fishing vessels have been laid up.

The weather has assumed a wintery aspect within the last few days. Yesterday it blew strong from the northeast, and quite a snow storm accompanied the wind, last night it veered around to north west, and became quite cold, today there is a strong gale blowing from the west north west and the frost is intense.

Nine More To Arrive.

But nine of the Newfoundland salt herring fleet are yet to arrive, the crafts being schs. Monitor of Provincetown, Willie Swift and M. B. Stetson of Bucksport, Lizzie Griffin of Orland, and Judique, Dauntless, Valkyrie, Essex and Henry M. Stanley of this port.